

# Candles In A Marble Hallway

Once upon a time there lived in a tall and stately mansion by the sea a young man named Brett. Being filled with energy and joy, Brett was always on the lookout for fun things to do and experiments to try. Wherever he went unexpected things happened, but nearly always those unexpected things were filled with strength and meaning and hope, so that after a while his heart collected so many joys he shone because of all the bright memories.

Memories are like that, you know... like candles in a long marble hallway, with arches and hanging tapestries... candles that keep on burning somehow, and the more there are the brighter the hallway glows, until one day others come and say, "This place does me good just being here."

Brett was like that. Others saw him and asked, "How did you get this way?" Brett just smiled. "Life beckons me," he said. "I follow." That was all... no long explanations. Simplicity is at the heart of so many deep things.

Brett had a friend named Samantha. Every week, one day in the late afternoon, Brett and Samantha would sit on the grass looking out over the sea. And every week they each brought a balloon with them... you know the kind... helium inside, floating up over their heads, bobbing in the wind. What they talked about while there I don't really know, but I do know this. Every week they let those helium balloons go and then watched as they flew higher and higher with the golden sun shining on them from far away.

"Why do you do that? someone once asked when I was close enough to hear his answer. "It reminds me," Brett said, "that who I am inside determines where I will someday be. And if I carry nothing inside that would weigh me down, I can rise to higher and higher places. You see, it's the inside that determines the outside."

"Where did you learn that?" the visitor asked.

"By watching," Brett answered. "By watching and listening and knowing."

"But you had to let go the balloon to see it."

"Yes," Brett said. "Until I let go, it only floats. After I let go, then it flies."

"It's so easy," Samantha once said to me. "It rises because of what it is... not because of what it wants to be."

"Such perfect results with no effort," I thought as I watched one day from a distance. "No rushing, no trying... only yielding to a higher call."

And the more time went by, the more I saw it coming true for Brett and Samantha. Wherever either of them went unexpected things happened, but nearly always those unexpected things were filled with freedom and balance and hope, so that after a while their hearts collected so many joys they both shone because of all the bright memories.

Memories are like that, you know... like candles in a long marble hallway, with arches and hanging tapestries... candles that keep on burning somehow, and the more there are the brighter the hallway glows, until one day others come and say, "This place does me good just being here."

*Grow in wholeness. Joy surrounds you!*

Copyright 2000 Steve Mugglin  
Permission is given to make not-for-profit copies.